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## A STUDY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### I. HIS POETRY.

#### I.

THE function of the critic of literature is twofold: to judge and to interpret—to judge what is best in literature, and then to interpret that best. If this be true, it may seem superfluous to say that the critic, in order to be a judge and interpreter of literature, must have sound and thorough knowledge. And yet there is perhaps no kind of intellectual activity in which the stock of knowledge is so shallow, so lacking in soundness, as in ordinary criticism.

I say shallow, for there is often no lack of comprehensiveness in the critic's knowledge. He has read widely and appreciatively; but he does not, as a rule, bring to the consideration of a particular author a sufficiently conscientious care to discover by close and disinterested observation all that there is to be known about the author and his works.

Perhaps the average critic does not attempt to do this, but relies solely on impressions, often vague enough, oftener totally misleading. And this method, too, has in it something presumptuous. We are grateful for the impressions of an extraordinary mind, for the impressions of a Carlyle or an Arnold, but surely we lose time in considering the mere impressions of every professor of literature who possesses a clear style and a goodly outfit of well-expressed prejudices. Nor has such a one the right to obtrude his impressions upon the public. If he is to judge and to interpret literature, he must do it upon a tangible and visible basis of observed and demonstrated fact.

A good example of the worthlessness of the mere impressions of even a brilliant and eminent critic, and one whose range of reading is simply enormous, is offered by Prof. George Saintsbury's monograph on Matthew Arnold. Consider a few of Prof. Saintsbury's critical remarks.

In Arnold's poetry, for instance, Prof. Saintsbury finds a blending of "Wordsworthian enthusiasm and Byronic despair."<sup>1</sup> Undeniably this looks plausible. If, however, we confine ourselves disinterestedly to the actual facts in the poetry of Arnold upon which such a dictum should be based, we shall find that Arnold's enthusiasm is of an almost infinitely different nature from Wordsworth's. We shall also find that Arnold's despair, if despair is not too strong a word, is in its origin and its objects the exact opposite of Byron's.

It may be taken for granted that in speaking of Wordsworthian enthusiasm Prof. Saintsbury means Wordsworth's enthusiasm for nature. Now it is true that Arnold also exhibits an enthusiasm for nature, but for nature in a guise and under an aspect which Wordsworth would have scorned and despised. Wordsworth loved nature as "the living garment of the Deity;" he found in nature

a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

But Arnold's view of nature is the view of modern science. Nature is calm, restful, cruel, but just.

Streams will not curb their pride  
The just man not to entomb,  
Nor lightnings go aside  
To give his virtues room;  
Nor is the wind less rough that blows a good man's barge.  
Nature, with equal mind,  
Sees all her sons at play;  
Sees man control the wind,  
The wind sweep man away;  
Allows the proudly-riding and the foundering bark.<sup>2</sup>

The divergence between the spirit of this passage and the spirit which animates Wordsworth's love for nature is immeasurable.

Again, consider the phrase "Byronic despair," as applied to Arnold. Surely the despair of Byron was the emotional despair of a nature which realized the tameness and finite-

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<sup>1</sup> "Matthew Arnold," by George Saintsbury, p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> Poems, pp. 451, 452.

ness of earthly enjoyment. But the despair of Arnold was the despair of the intellect, which saw the ancient faith of a world passing away, and found nothing to replace it.

Moreover, the purely impressionistic critic will obtrude his crotchets, or fling his prejudices at us, when we are seeking for information or a better comprehension of literature. The critical method which is opposed to such impressionism is very simple. It is the long-practiced method of the historian and the scientist. Acquaint yourself with all the facts, and make no statement which the facts will not bear out. A brilliant plea for such an inductive method of criticism has been made by Dr. R. G. Moulton in his well-known book, "Shakespeare As A Dramatic Artist." But Dr. Moulton perhaps goes to an extreme when he asserts that the critic should not judge at all, but merely describe and classify. The public needs the critic to judge for it what literature is best, and therefore best worth reading. Neither should we, as Dr. Moulton seems not unwilling to do, assume the garb and speech of natural science. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

The following study is an attempt not at pseudo-science in criticism, but merely at a fuller comprehension of Arnold and his works, based upon no personal like or dislike, but upon an examination of Arnold's writings and of his relation to other writers. And I have earnestly endeavored to leave no statement unproved, to indulge in no suppositions, but to stick to facts.

Finally, it is necessary to say that I have been unable to push my investigations to a truly adequate extent. It has been my misfortune to write beyond possible reach of an adequate library, and beset also by other difficulties which need not be mentioned.

## 2.

"It was the business of classic art to represent only the finite, and its figures could be identical with the idea of the artist. It was the business of romantic art to represent the infinite and purely spiritual relations, or rather to suggest

them, and it took refuge in symbols." In these words Heine marked the chief distinction between the art of the ancients and the art of the Middle Ages. But we will find that the distinction holds good also when applied to the two provinces of modern art which it is usual to call classic and romantic.

Romantic art, wherever we find it, is symbolic; not only its poetry, but its painting and sculpture. Its painting can show such colossal symbolism as Kaulbach's "Age of the Reformation;" its sculpture, as the "Moses" of Michelangelo. Its poetry (and one may confine oneself to English poetry) is obviously symbolic. Chaucer loses himself in the mazes of allegory; still more does Spenser; nor is Shakespeare free from it. The conceits of the school of poets who followed the Elizabethan dramatists are miniature symbols. And when romantic art broke forth again in England we find the intense symbolism of Coleridge and Shelley, and later the symbolism of the poet of the "Palace of Art" and the "Idylls of the King." At all times romantic art describes a thing by what it is not. And herein it differs obviously from the art of those modern writers whom we call classic. The French poets of the seventeenth century, the English poets of the eighteenth, in so far as they are poets, eschew symbols. Their poetry is identical with their ideas.

But there is a second distinction to be made between classic and romantic art, a distinction no less thoroughgoing than the first. The classic poets practice restraint of emotion, the romantic poets give theirs free rein. This restraint is to be found in the ancient poets and in those moderns who took the ancients for their immediate models. Of the pseudo-classicism of Pope and his school this is obviously untrue. They do not restrain passion, for they have none.

The quality, the rare and beautiful quality, in a poet's character which such a restraint points to is saneness, a control of the emotions by the intellect, a treatment of life with

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<sup>3</sup>"Die Romantische Schule," Buch I., p. 15.

one's soul, not with one's prejudices; with mind, not with passion. If these distinctions be accepted, if it be true that the chief positive quality of classic poetry is restraint and the chief negative quality is absence of symbolism, then it is evident that the classic poets of the nineteenth century were Goethe, from the time of his Italian journey to the composition of the second part of "*Faust*," Wordsworth, and Matthew Arnold.

To take any passage from Goethe's "*Iphigenie auf Tauris*" is to exemplify in its perfection this class of art. Take, for instance, this opening of a monologue of Orestes:

Noch einen! reiche mir aus Lethe's Fluten,  
Den letzten kühlen Becher der Erquickung!  
Bald ist der Kampf des Lebens aus dem Busen  
Hinweggespuehlt; bald fliesset still mein Geist  
Der Quelle des Vergessens hingegeben  
Zu euch, ihr Schatten, in den ew'gen Nebel.<sup>4</sup>

Such poetry as this is not passionless, but the passion is restrained for purposes of pure beauty, just as the face of Laocoön does not show the unbridled expression of his pain, as he does not roar, but sends a sigh of suffering through his half-opened lips.

In this spirit also the best works of Wordsworth are written. This outer calm and hidden passion give its majestic grace to "*Laodamia*," its massive pathos to "*Michael*." When the son of the shepherd, his only hope in his extreme old age, is lost in the whirlpool of the world, we do not see Michael's tears, we do not hear his sighs. His grief is shown to us rather by the effect it had on others who saw the old man go to the unfinished sheepfold, to the spot consecrated to his misery.

Arnold was a classic poet not only through a constant study of the poets of Greece and Rome, but, as we shall see, through the influence exerted upon him by Goethe and Wordsworth. It would be misleading to think that Arnold never sounds a note of unrestrained passion, but in the great bulk of his poetry, even in his lyrics, emotion is restrained.

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<sup>4</sup> Act 3, Scene 2.

And it is very salutary, as Arnold said, to place next to Shelley's "Indian Serenade" or Heine's "Auf Fluegeln des Gesanges" such a lyric stanza as this:

But in the world I learned what there  
Thou too wilt surely one day prove:  
That will, that energy, though rare,  
Are yet far, far less rare than love.<sup>5</sup>

It may be urged against this that here is not the true lyric passion, the fine abandon of other poets; but then the peculiar charm and beauty of this poetry is, one may repeat, that the deep passion behind it is purged by the fire of intellect, that the man who wrote it was the master, not the slave, of his emotions. Deep and beautiful emotion Goethe and Wordsworth and Arnold had, but they recognized the fact that life must be treated by the intellect alone. And for this reason they were not only great poets but successful men, accepting and performing the duties of life. How nobly and beautifully they differ in this respect from the purely emotional poets, from Heine, from Shelley!

The chief interest, then, of a great portion of Arnold's poetry is an intellectual one, and critics of it have, as a rule, laid stress upon this aspect and upon those poems which embody philosophical ideas, and Arnold has been frequently represented as weak, hopeless, succumbing under his own unbelief. Now, there was undoubtedly in Arnold's nature a certain conflict between the emotions drawing him toward the beliefs and ideals of his youth, and his intellect, which caused him to discard those ideals; but it is just this conflict which many of us experience, and the final victory of intellect, of truth, over sentiment, which tends to make Arnold's poetry an intellectual and moral tonic. And here, too, lies Arnold's advantage over his contemporaries. Browning never seems to have experienced the spiritual struggles of which I speak. He never met the Sphinx. Tennyson could never emerge from the mists of sentiment to the white light of truth; but Arnold is distinctly our poet, his struggle is our struggle, his victory is our victory.

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<sup>5</sup> Poems, p. 194.

No one certainly saw this more clearly than himself. In a letter of the year 1869 he says: "My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions that reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, *and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn as they have had theirs.*"<sup>6</sup>

Arnold's poetry contains, however, not only religious views, but contains, also, in the main, the ideas on man and on human life to promulgate which he abandoned verse for prose. These ideas burn through his poetry, and, though he delivered them in prose with the air not of a prophet but of a man of the world, he left the nobler region of literature only because he felt an inner necessity to preach in the Philistine wilderness.

Ah me! this many a year,  
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!  
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart  
Into the world and wave of men depart.<sup>7</sup>

Those poems of Arnold in which the intellectual interest predominates fall, when closely considered, into several groups. First, the state of the present world; secondly, Arnold's sympathy with a religion which he no longer accepts; lastly, his positive views on religion. Often these subjects overlap in the same poem, but, in the main, the division is real.

First, Arnold believed, and frankly accepted the belief, that the faith of the Christian world is practically dead.

The sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.

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<sup>6</sup> The italics are mine. <sup>7</sup> Poems, p. 282.



But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night wind, down the vast edges dread  
And naked shingles of the world.<sup>8</sup>

And, even if we still clasp faith of some kind, we are after  
all only

Light half believers of our casual creeds  
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,  
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,  
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfilled.<sup>9</sup>

Now, this condition of conflict, this "wandering between  
two worlds," destroy, for the time, joy and calm.

This tract which the river of Time  
Now flows through with us is the plain.  
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.  
Bordered by cities and hoarse  
With a thousand cries is its stream.  
And we on its breast, our minds  
Are confused as the cries which we hear,  
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.<sup>10</sup>

And this change must needs be regretted, especially by  
one in whose childhood and youth the old ideals were most  
strictly adhered to. Rigorous teachers, says Arnold, seized  
his youth; they showed the new truth of the world; but he is  
like one raised in the shadow of some ancient abbey, and  
never can he forget the sights and sounds of his childhood.<sup>11</sup>

Thus Arnold could always sympathize with the dogmatic  
point of view, though for him it had lost its meaning, and he  
thought, moreover, wisely and beautifully, that even a false  
and mistaken religion is better for the majority of men than  
incertitude in matters spiritual. His sympathy with Chris-  
tian ideals takes on a fervently beautiful expression in the  
sonnet "East London:"

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his window seen  
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited.

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<sup>8</sup> Poems, p. 226.

<sup>9</sup> Poems, p. 278.

<sup>10</sup> Poems, pp. 268, 269.

<sup>11</sup> Poems, pp. 324, 325.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:  
 "Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"  
 "Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been  
 Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread.*"  
 O human soul! as long as thou canst so  
 Set up a mark of everlasting light,  
 Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,  
 To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—  
 Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!  
 Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.<sup>12</sup>

The second thought noted above, that of the inestimable value of spiritual surety, is expressed in a little poem not often quoted:

PIS-ALLER.

"Man is blind because of sin;  
 Revelation makes him sure.  
 Without that, who looks within  
 Looks in vain, for all's obscure."  
 Nay, look closer into man!  
 Tell me, can you find indeed  
 Nothing sure, no moral plan  
 Clear prescribed, without your creed?  
 "No, I nothing can perceive.  
 Without that, all's dark for men.  
 That, or nothing, I believe."  
 For God's sake believe it, then!

The implication here is that there is a clearly prescribed moral plan in man, a spiritual certitude discoverable without revelation, and this brings us to the positive side of Arnold's religious ideas.

First, then, to arrive at anything positive, we must clear the way.

Unduped of fancy, henceforth man  
 Must labor, must resign  
 His all to human creeds, and scan  
 Simply the way divine!<sup>13</sup>

And so, considering the way divine, Arnold is prepared to accept with joy and calm any issue, to accept the truth, whatever that may be, whether

In the silent mind of One all-pure,  
 At first imagined, lay  
 The sacred world;<sup>14</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Poems, pp. 180, 181.

<sup>13</sup> Poems, p. 339.

<sup>14</sup> Poems, p. 45.

or whether

The wild unfathered mass no birth  
In divine seats hath known.<sup>15</sup>

Now, the only evidence of God, the only indication of the divine which Arnold could see, was in morality in "that severe, that earnest air," unknown to nature, but of the very essence of man. "That strife divine" was felt by nature only when

the heavenly house she trod,  
And lay upon the breast of God.<sup>16</sup>

This is the same thought which afterwards found expression in the famous phrase, "the not-ourselves that makes for righteousness."

In harmony with this is Arnold's view of immortality. Not they who failed to keep the moral law, "who failed under the heat of this life's day,"<sup>17</sup> can "support the fervors of that heavenly morn."<sup>18</sup>

No, only he who

flagged not in the earthly strife,  
From strength to strength advancing, only he,  
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,  
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.<sup>19</sup>

But religious ideas are not the only ones, as noted already, that Arnold expresses through the medium of poetry. The blindness of men, their hard, materialized lives, the necessity of seeking help at the inner shrine of the soul—these are the subjects of some of his best poetry. The descriptions of the unhappy state of men are characteristic.

For most men in a brazen prison live,  
Where in the sun's hot eye,  
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly  
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,  
Dreaming of naught beyond their prison wall.<sup>20</sup>

And again:

What is the course of the life  
Of mortal men on the earth?  
Most men eddy about

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<sup>15</sup> Poems. <sup>16</sup> Poems, p. 257. <sup>17</sup> Poems, p. 183. <sup>18</sup> Ibid. <sup>19</sup> Poems, p. 184. <sup>20</sup> Poems, p. 258.

Here and there—eat and drink,  
 Chatter and love and hate, . . .  
 Striving blindly, achieving  
 Nothing.<sup>21</sup>

And the panacea for these evils is in the inner life.<sup>22</sup>

Some of these various ideas on life and religion, expressed in many varying moods, are used in "Empedocles on Ætna," in a majestic monologue in which, before returning his body to the elements, Empedocles embodies the garnered wisdom of his life. The time, says Empedocles, is oppressed by evil and by doubt. In these perplexities do not be led by this or that false prophet, but look within. And if we are not happy, consider that we have no right to demand happiness. We are strangers here; the world is from of old. We are new, and we must conform to the eternal course of things, for the world will not take our course. Yet we are evil, and even if righteous, there are existences that clash with ours. Nature is impartial, unfeeling. She knows nothing of righteous or unrighteous. So, loath to suffer mute, we people the world with gods, forgetting that even they, if existing, are one with the only true Reality, the universal God, the divine Power working in all things. We fail to comprehend life and the world, and think that gods must exist who do. We are unhappy, and expect happiness in another life. But not so will we earn content. It is by bowing to the inevitable and by nursing no extravagant hopes. Life, after all, offers a satisfying joy.

Once read thy own breast right,  
 And thou hast done thy fears;  
 Man gets no other light,  
 Search he a thousand years.

Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine.<sup>23</sup>

Emphatically, however, the thoughts expressed here are to a great extent not Arnold's, but are dramatic, for they are contradicted in some of the direct utterances of Arnold's convictions. The despairing calm here is not strictly his; it is that of Empedocles. These views are more hopeless than those uttered in his own person; and therefore this mono-

<sup>21</sup> Poems, p. 396.

<sup>22</sup> "Palladium." "The Buried Life."

<sup>23</sup> Poems, p. 448.

logue, though interesting, is hardly to be considered in analyzing Arnold's opinions.

So far I have dwelt on Arnold's religious and social ideas found in his poetry. Two other aspects of it remain to be considered: his attitude to nature, and his attitude to poetry.

Arnold's attitude to nature presents first of all a vivid contrast to Wordsworth's. To Wordsworth the sights and sounds of nature had a mystic significance, and the unseen world revealed itself to him through her. The cruelty of nature he passed over; he saw only her beneficence and beauty. After reading Wordsworth, Arnold's view of nature comes like a rude awakening from a beautiful dream.

Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood;  
Nature is stubborn, man would fain adore;  
Nature is fickle, man hath need of rest;  
Nature forgives no debt and fears no grave.<sup>24</sup>

This is true, not poetically but actually true, and all mystic nature worship must fall before it. The same unbeautiful truth is expressed again in "Empedocles."

In what then consists the joy and comfort which, according to Arnold too, we are to derive from nature? In her large impartial restfulness, in her colossal calm upon which our spirits lean after the restlessness of life, in her unchanged, unwearied continuance.

We, O Nature, depart;  
Thou survivest us! this,  
This I know, is the law.  
Yes, but more than this.  
Thou who seest us die  
Seest us change while we live;  
Seest our dreams, one by one,  
Seest our errors depart;  
Watchest us, Nature! throughout,  
Mild and inscrutably calm.<sup>25</sup>

And it is we who must yearn to the greatness of Nature, yearn to copy her infinite imperturbable calm, for she too may be calm only through suffering; she too may "bear rather than rejoice." Nature, like ourselves, takes part in

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<sup>24</sup> Poems, p. 5.      <sup>25</sup> Poems, pp. 247, 248.

the unceasing toil which is the law of the universe, and we may be great by bearing toil as she. This thought inspires what is perhaps the loftiest passage in Arnold's poetry:

Plainness and clearness, without shadow of stain!  
 Clearness divine!  
 Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign  
 Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,  
 Are yet untroubled and unpassionate;  
 Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,  
 And, though so tasked, keep free from dust and soil!  
 I will not say that your mild deeps retain  
 A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain  
 Who have longed deeply once, and longed in vain;  
 But I will rather say that you remain  
 A world above man's head, to let him see  
 How boundless might his soul's horizons be,  
 How vast, and of what clear transparency!  
 How it were good to abide there, and breathe free;  
 How fair a lot to fill  
 Is left to each man still!<sup>26</sup>

Of his own art, too, Arnold has something to say. Beneath the outward joyousness and beauty of poetry there is "a hidden ground of thought and of austerity."<sup>27</sup> The poet must not center upon his own life, but on the life of man.<sup>28</sup> He is greater than the painter or musician, for he tells of the strenuous movement of life.<sup>29</sup> But even his greatest utterances fall short of the glory of reality. Nature and life are more than the singer, are greater; yet he is a priest of the wonder and bloom of the world, sacred, and a bringer of light.<sup>30</sup>

Arnold, then, was a classic poet, and through his pure, calm medium expressed a number of profoundly interesting ideas on religion, on life, on nature, and on poetry. So that his poetry has what he himself valued above all things, sound subject-matter. But it has, and must have to be good poetry, far more than this. It has intensity, a strong, manly, unaffected simplicity, perfect sincerity, and, at its best, a peculiar elevation.

It may seem hasty to affirm definite, unfailing qualities of a poet's work, but this characterization of Arnold's poetry

<sup>26</sup> Pp. 259, 260.

<sup>27</sup> P. 177.

<sup>28</sup> P. 57.

<sup>29</sup> P. 240.

<sup>30</sup> P. 245.

as intense, simple, sincere, and elevated does not rest upon vague impressions. The terms have a definite meaning; the qualities which they point to exist in almost every line of Arnold's poetry. It is intense through that restraint of passion already spoken of, simple through a study of the ancients and reaction from romantic ornateness, sincere through the unquestioned integrity of Arnold's nature, elevated through austere intellectual passion.

Arnold's poetry offers examples of nearly every form of poetic composition except the romantic drama. He essayed lyric, elegiac, and narrative poetry, and the drama in the manner of the ancients.

The lyric poems, except the two series "Switzerland" and "Faded Leaves," are nearly all philosophic, and have been taken into account in analyzing Arnold's opinions. "Switzerland" and "Faded Leaves" are peculiarly unequal; but in the former occurs Arnold's high-water mark of pure poetry, the well-known lines: "Yes! in the sea of life enisled." Yet there is in these lyrics, as well as in the far finer songs of Callicles, in "Empedocles," an enduring purity and freshness—a freshness as of the breath of the cool breezes of the sea, or of the strong, pure odor of the plowed earth.

"Thyrsis," the finest of the elegiac poems, is in some respects the crown of Arnold's poetry. It is a poem in the manner born of the great tradition of English elegiac poetry, sincerer than "Lycidas," saner than "Adonais."

Twice only Arnold invaded the province of romance, in the warmly beautiful "Church of Brou," with the glory of form and tint in its last part; and in "Tristram and Iseult," his one study of passion. "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Balder Dead" are purely classic.

Two very striking characteristics of the classic epic are found in these poems: Homeric nobility in the treatment of the ordinary actions of everyday life, and the long, stately, undulating simile of Virgil. Of the first, a fine sample occurs near the beginning of "Sohrab and Rustum: "

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left  
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;

And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat  
 He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,  
 And threw a white cloak round him, and he took  
 In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;  
 And on his head he set his sheepskin cap,  
 Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul;  
 And raised the curtain of his tent, and called  
 His herald to his side, and went abroad.<sup>31</sup>

We shall see how genuine an achievement the noble simplicity of such a passage is when we consider that, outside of Wordsworth and Arnold, there is nothing like it in English poetry.

An example of the Virgilian metaphor may also not be amiss:

From their black tents long files of horse they streamed;  
 As when, some grey November morn, the files,  
 In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes  
 Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes  
 Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,  
 Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward bound  
 For the warm Persian seaboard—so they streamed.<sup>32</sup>

Here Arnold shows himself a worthy rival of Milton.

Of Arnold's two ventures in dramatic poetry, "Empedocles" is interesting not as a drama but as a monologue interspersed with exquisite lyric passages; and "Merope," a drama cast entirely in classic mold, is a work abounding in good things, greatly to be respected, but too much at variance with modern instincts to be significant.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

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<sup>31</sup> Poems, p. 68.    <sup>32</sup> Poems, p. 68.